

The Assassin

by Jason

Category: Animorphs

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-12-19 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-12-19 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 12:05:44

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 860

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In the future, Jake makes a speech at a downtown rally. And an assassin has him in his sights.

The Assassin

> <meta name="Generator">

A figure in a dark, hooded shirt stood in the midst of an enormous crowd. He was reminiscent of Visser Three in that way—he seemed to give off a cold, evil aura. But no one was paying attention to the hooded stranger. Everyone was paying attention to the man on the stage.

It was Jake the former leader of the Animorphs. The hero of heroes. Savior of the planet Earth. When he stepped onto the stage the crowd went crazy. The thousands of people gathered just catch a glimpse of him.

Jake was loved, adored, and respected. He was the greatest hero in the history of the planet Earth. He was bigger hero now than George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were in their own times, combined.

Yes, everybody loved Jake. Everyone. What's not too like? Tall, handsome, friendly, young and wealthy? Not to mention the fact that he lead the small Animorphs rebellion for so many years, the ones that eventually, with the help of an Andalite task force, drove the Yeerks away from the planet Earth?

Jake and his five Animorph friends, aided by an Andalite task force, forced the powerful Yeerk invasion force to flee the planet, fearing their lives. They escaped with only twenty-seven human hosts. Out of so many countless people that had been infested, only twenty-seven humans remained enslaved.

The man in the dark-hooded shirt was one of them. Under his cloak, he fingered his handheld Dracon beam.

He was Esplin 473 of the Hett Simplatt pool. Otherwise known as Sub-Visser Twelve. His host was James Harper III. One of the few remaining human-controllers.

Since the Yeerks had left Earth, the Animorphs were still the most hated and despised group of people in the entire Yeerk empire. With the possible exception of various important Andalites, the Animorphs were the most wanted figures in the Yeerk empire.

The Yeerks had issued a Gashad. There was a bounty on their heads. Any Yeerk that killed or captured one of the infamous Animorphs would be rewarded generously: with a massive promotion, an excellent assignment, and his choice of a host body.

Esplin 473 was a very powerful and influential figure. As Sub-Visser Twelve, he was a very powerful Yeerk. But he wanted more. He was as greedy as they come. While just another Yeerk, it was his deepest desire to become a Sub-Visser. But once that rank was achieved it was meaningless to him. Sub-Vissers are nobodies, he reasoned. To be a Visser—now that is an achievement. If he were to become a Visser, even to become Visser One, his thirst for power would still not be extinguished—he would want to become a member of the Council of Thirteen, and from there, become the Emperor.

He was a Yeerk with dreams of glory. And Jake was his ticket to fame and power. He gripped the Dracon Beam tightly in his right hand.

Jake stepped up to the podium and began his speech. But before he could begin, Esplin raised his Dracon Beam and fired rapidly. Red beams of energy lanced through the air at Jake.

The crowd gasped in horror. Jake saw the Dracon Beam come at him and his eyes went wide with horror. Bodyguards leapt through the air to try and block the Dracon Beam with their own bodies.

The red light struck one bodyguard. He looked horrified for a moment, then disintegrated. Another, and another, and another sacrificed themselves to save Jake's life.

The final Dracon Beam, the last one fired before Hork-Bajir guards killed the gunman with their shredders, hit Jake a glancing blow to the shoulder. He collapsed to the floor in pain.

The crowd screamed in horror. Paramedics rushed to the scene and brought Jake to the local hospital, and carted the remains of Esplin 473 away under a white sheet.

The news came on just as Rachel walked into the living room.

The newsperson began, in a monotone voice, "Today, at the speech made by Jake — earlier today in Centennial Park, an assassination attempt was carried out. Using a hand-held, standard issue Dracon Beam, this man, James Harper III, the host of Esplin 473 of the Hett Simplatt pool, Sub-Visser Twelve in the Yeerk empire, Harper fired several times before he was subdued. Several bodyguards were killed as they rushed to protect him. Mr. —, who was hit once, a glancing blow to the shoulder, is currently at Memorial Hospital, and is expected to be released sometime next week. The

gunman was killed during the assassination attempt by shredder fire coming from the Hork-Bajir guards that were stationed around the perimeter. With death of Sub-Visser Twelve, the total count of current human-controllers drops too twenty-six. Now back to you, Bob."

Jake had survived. Just barely. And while Jake was okay, and the would-be assassin was dead, Rachel knew all to well what this meant.

She could be next.

End
file.